

Title: The Lich of East Yew II

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A pale white hand
slowly reached out of
the coffin. The skin
that was stretched
tightly over the bony
hands, which glowed with
a light red color, and
bits of the skin were
flaking away,
revealing white bone.
The hand grasped the
side of the lid and
flung it against one of
the standing
walls, freeing the
gruesome thing from
it's prison. The body
that the hand belonged
to began to rise, it's
bones making
snapping sounds as
they stirred from
rest. Then it hit me...
the thing rising in
front of me was the
Lich from the
legends. As a child, I
heard terrifying
stories of a glowing
red Lich Lord who
rose out of his grave at
night to feast on those
who were foolish
enough to disturb his
rest. The legend says
that the lich was once
a powerful mage and
alchemist, who was
corrupted by the
desire to live forever.
The mage believed he
found the answer
after years and years
of hard work in his
lab. The potion he
believed would give
him eternal life did

its intended job, but in
a horrible manner.

After drinking the
potion, the mage is
said to have gone into a
mad rage; killing his
assistant and partially
destroying his cottage
before he committed
suicide. The potion
that made him insane,
would also make him
undead. Not long
after the mage killed
himself, people
reported being attacked
by a red lich Lord,
who strongly
resembled the crazed
mage. The woods
around the
southeastern part of
Yew have been
shunned ever since,
even though the story
is now considered to be
nothing more than a
myth.

The thoughts about the
legend and the red
Lich Lord ran through
my mind in a flash.

Frozen in terror, I
watched as the lich
rose to his full height,
towering over any full
grown man. His eyes
glowed a sickly
greenish color as he
stared down at me. As
soon as he raised his
hand into the air, my
paralyzation from
fear was gone, and
instinct kicked in. I
hopped to my feet and
dove as far as I could,
going into a roll to keep
from hurting myself.
I did it just in time ...
seconds after i
jumped away, the
area where i had been
was ablaze with
magical fire.
Not wasting any
time, I quickly

regained my footing and created a wall of stone in front of the Lich to buy myself some time to make an escape. I ran like I had never run before in my life. Looking over my shoulder, I saw the Lich break through my feeble stone wall, destroying the magical bricks in a shower of sparks.

The Lich laughed...a laugh that I'll never forget. It sounded like a wheeze, the scraping of many bones, and the howling of a dire wolf all together. Hearing that laugh only made me run faster. I have no idea how long I ran, but I must have passed out from exhaustion. I awoke the next morning in Minoc at the home of a miner. Apparently the fellow had been on his way home from Yew when he saw me lying unconscious near the road. I thanked him for his kindness and offered to pay him, but he refused. After thanking him once again for his help, I departed for the moongates. There was no way in hell that I was going to walk that road back to Yew.....